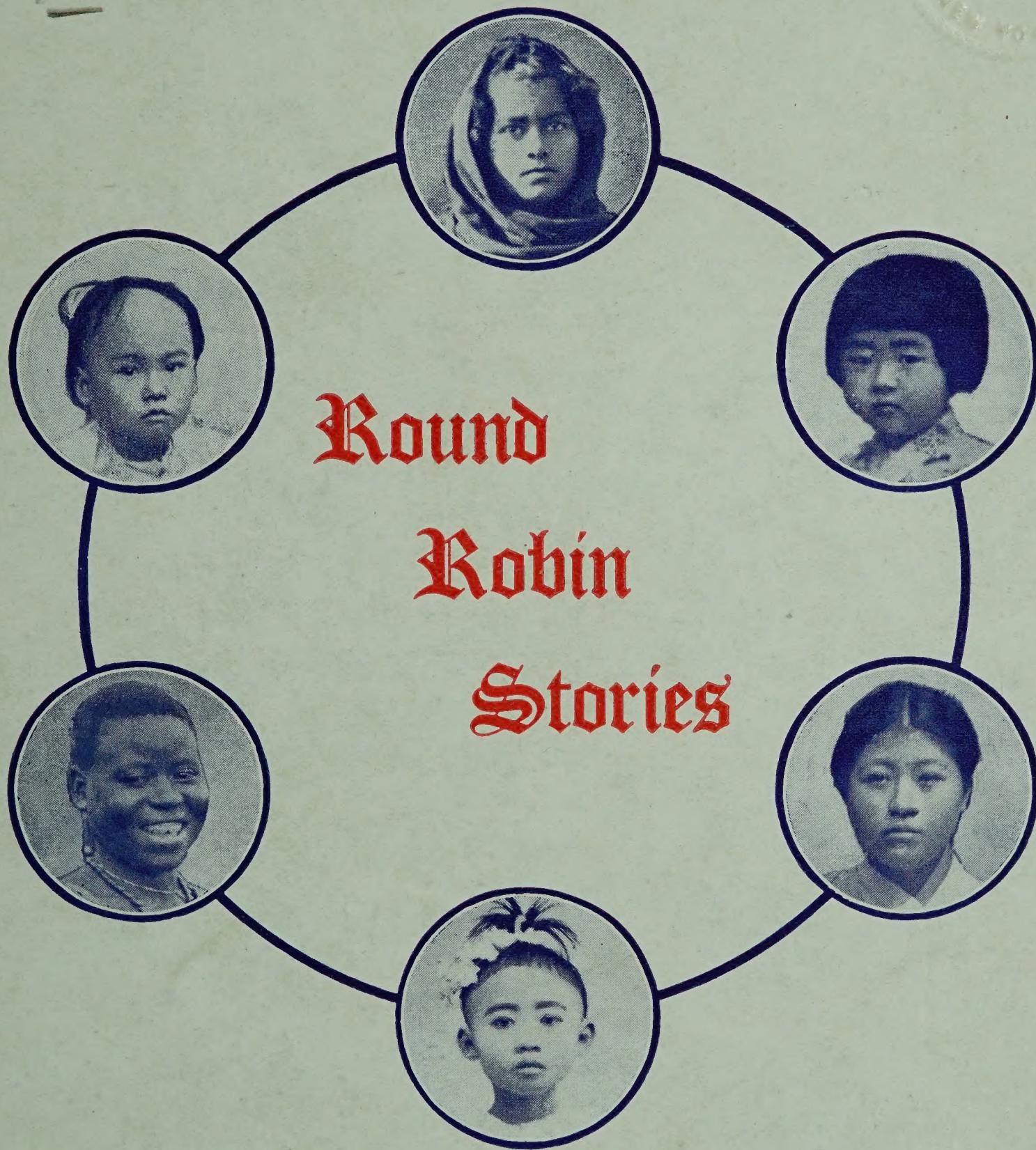


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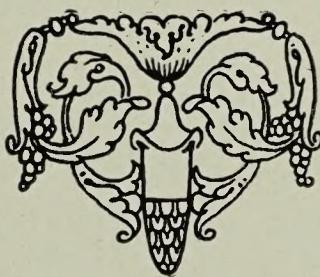
Round
Robin
Stories



Round Robin Stories

COMPILED BY

LUCY JAMESON SCOTT



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Round Robin Stories

FILIPINO SHOE MAKING

By M. MARGARET CRABTREE

THE making of shoes is one of the Filipino industries. The Chinese make them as well as the Filipinos themselves. Making and fitting shoes for the Filipinos is quite different from making and fitting them for foreigners.

As they do not wear stockings when they wear the native shoes, it is simply a matter of having a sole and a cap to slip the toes into. It



FILIPINO SHOE MAN

is the wonder of foreigners that they manage to keep these *Chinellas*, or slippers, on, but being accustomed to them from childhood, it becomes almost second nature. They can run, jump, dance, work and play in them and rarely lose them off.

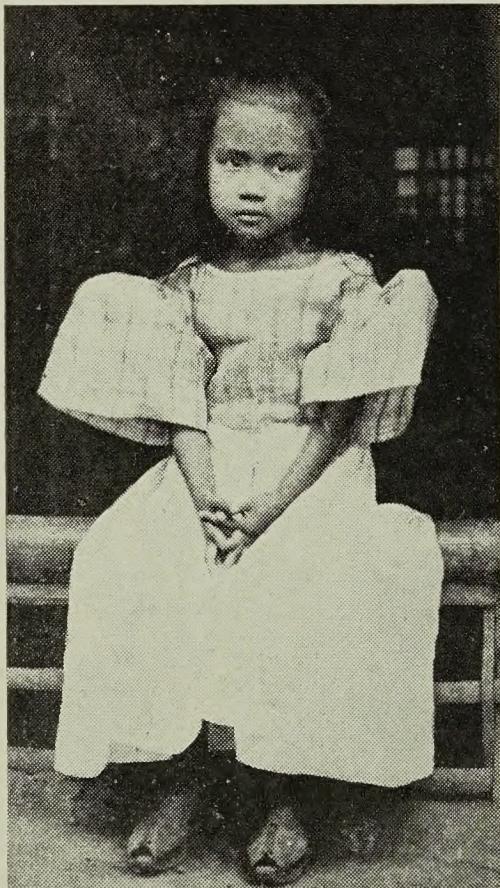
For pleasant or dry weather, this shoe is generally heelless and the cap is of velvet, which may be of any color of the rainbow. Often it is a combination, such as red, with white strips sewed across in fantastic arrangement. Or it may be of yellow, with blue or green suns, moons and stars in wonderful constellation effects. Men as well as women, wear these.

They also have another kind of shoe, called the *Zapatilla* for dry weather. It differs from the other kind, in that it has a little French heel. They come in all colors, are neat, dressy and cheap — costing from twenty-five cents to a dollar a pair — so the average Filipino girl has a pair to match each dress and she takes as much pride in her zapatillas as any American girl does in her new shoes that match the new suit.

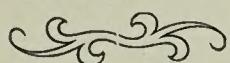
But it is the rainy-day shoe, where cheapness, simplicity and durability find their perfect combination. It consists of a two-inch heel and an inch and a half thick sole whittled out of a single piece of wood. A piece of cloth or leather is tacked across the toe and the shoe is done, and costs from eight to fifteen cents a pair, according to the shrewdness of the buyer!

SHE CAME CLINK-CLANKING
TO SCHOOL

These wooden shoes do not stick to the bare feet quite as well as the leather ones and often they come off, usually while the wearer is crossing a muddy street. The owner calmly walks on to the side of the road, deposits her load, which has been carried on her head, then tiptoes back, rescues the shoe, slips it on and goes her way. When the inside of the shoes becomes too dirty, they are scrubbed and put out in the hot sun to dry.



Of course, when one wishes to enter a house, the shoes are left at the door. At school, the children leave theirs at the door or in the hall, just as American pupils leave their rubbers. So every day one sees little boys and girls going clink-clanking on their way to school in their funny rainy-day shoes.



THE RICE FAMILY

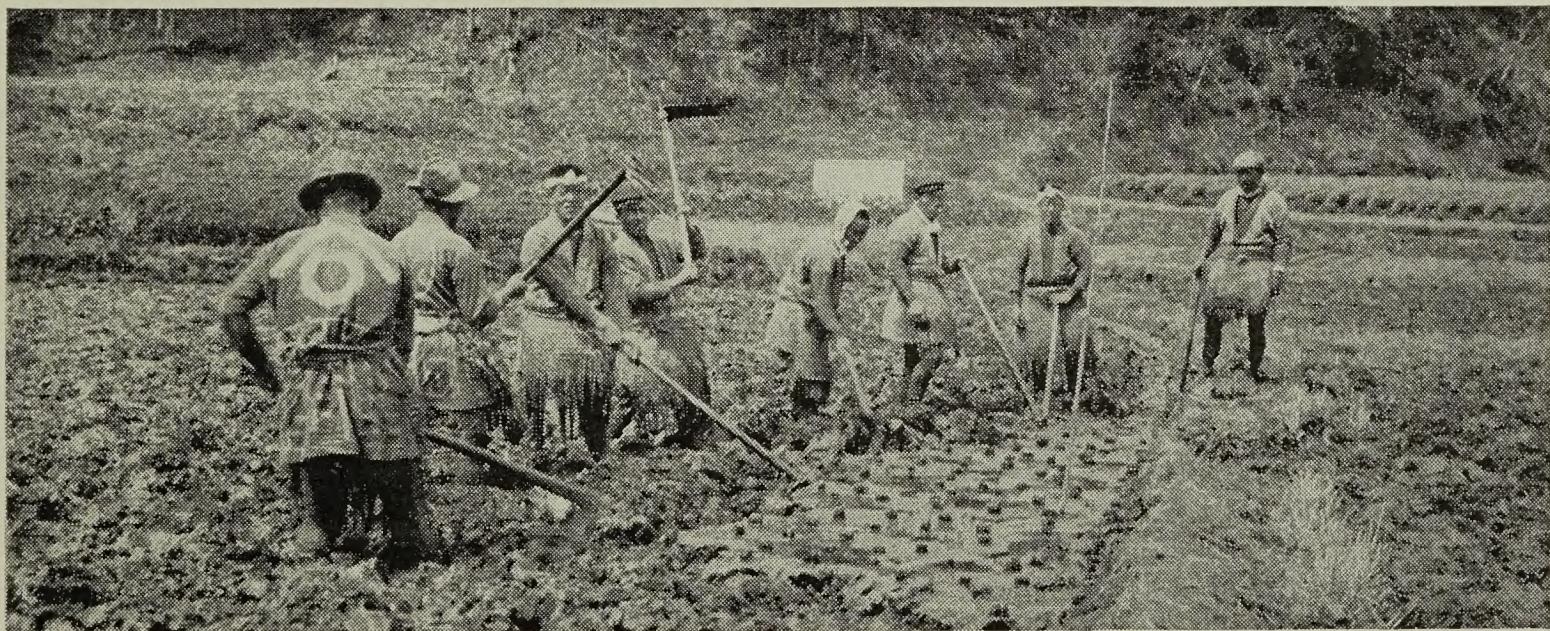
By HELEN C. SANTEE

COME now, all you people who know the joys of putting on a bathing suit and going out into a warm summer shower to wade in mud puddles when the mud oozes cozily up between the toes, do you suppose there is anything in this world jollier than that? But what would you say to *living* that way all through the bright summer days?

Journeying from Tokyo toward Sapporo today, I have been watching a certain family who have had that fun all summer!

I mean the Rice Family.

Early last spring one small paddy-field was planted *very* full of rice, and soon after all the green blades stood well up out of the water, the



THE COOLIES CAME AND PULLED UP THOSE LITTLE PLANTS

coolies came and, wading into the water and mud knee-deep, they pulled up all those little plants and transplanted them in other paddy-fields, several plants in a hill, the hills about a foot apart, and in such beautiful straight lines.

And there, in the water and the mud, these little plants grew, all through the glorious sunshine of a Japanese summer, with a little grassy footpath around each little paddy-field like a tiny green wall. Often this green is dotted with the gay blue of the canterbury bell or some other small flower equally bright; or sometimes a more industrious farmer plants a row of low-growing beans in this footpath.

When the Honorable Sun begins to creep up toward the South again and the big, red moon of August warns us that autumn will soon be here, these waving patches of green begin to take on more and more of the sun's golden hue. At last, when they are quite yellow, all the little heads begin to grow heavy and droop over, as though they were tired



THRESHING OUT THE RICE

with the long summer's day frolic with the sun and the wind and the rain and — the mud.

Then the coolies came again to wade knee-deep in the mud, and swinging a little, short-handled sickle, they cut down the weary Rice Family and stack it in narrow rows on the little footpaths, or, bringing poles to stand in the paths, they tie the rice to them. Sometimes, draining the water out of the paddy-fields they erect crude frames of poles from which the rice is suspended to dry. *And always the rice is hung with the head down.* That is because it grew in Japan!

After a few more days of golden sunshine, when the rice is thoroughly dry, it is carried to the threshing place, not to be thrashed by an engine-run machine, but to be beaten, a handful at a time, over a sharp-toothed instrument.

Then it must be cleaned, and this is done either by tossing it up rapidly in an open basket out in the wind, or else by running it through a simple, hand-turned machine. And then the beautiful white kernels are ready to be sold to an Admiral Togo or a Bishop Honda, or some one else who, let us hope, will serve the fair land of Japan as royally as these two noble men have done!

But what of the straw which took such good care of the precious kernels all through the growing days? Is it "thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of man?" Oh, no, no! The straw is almost as precious as the kernels themselves.

Why, don't you know how they make the thatched roofs of the houses of this straw, and haven't you seen pictures of the queer rain-coats which are made of straw? (And they keep the rain out, too!) They also make big hats of it, to shade the eyes of the coolies while they are at work; the sandals, too, which these same coolies wear while at work are made of this straw, for the Japanese almost never put their bare feet on the ground. Aren't they wise?

It also makes a dainty hanging screen which shuts out the hot summer sun but not the pleasant air. And even rope is made of it, and matting for their floors, and ever and ever so many other useful things.

So you see what an important member of society the Rice Family is.

And the straw part of it keeps right on leading a jolly, useful life out in the sun, the wind and the rain, and sometimes, even, the mud.

The sun is about to go to his rest over there in a bank of fleecy gray and white clouds, and soon we will reach the end of this day's journey.

Here is a golden paddy-field which has not yet been cut. A gentle evening breeze passing over it makes every heavy, golden head bow low as we pass, as though the Rice Family were making their *ojigi* (honorable bow) and saying *sayonara* (good-bye) just as a polite Japanese paddy-field ought to do.

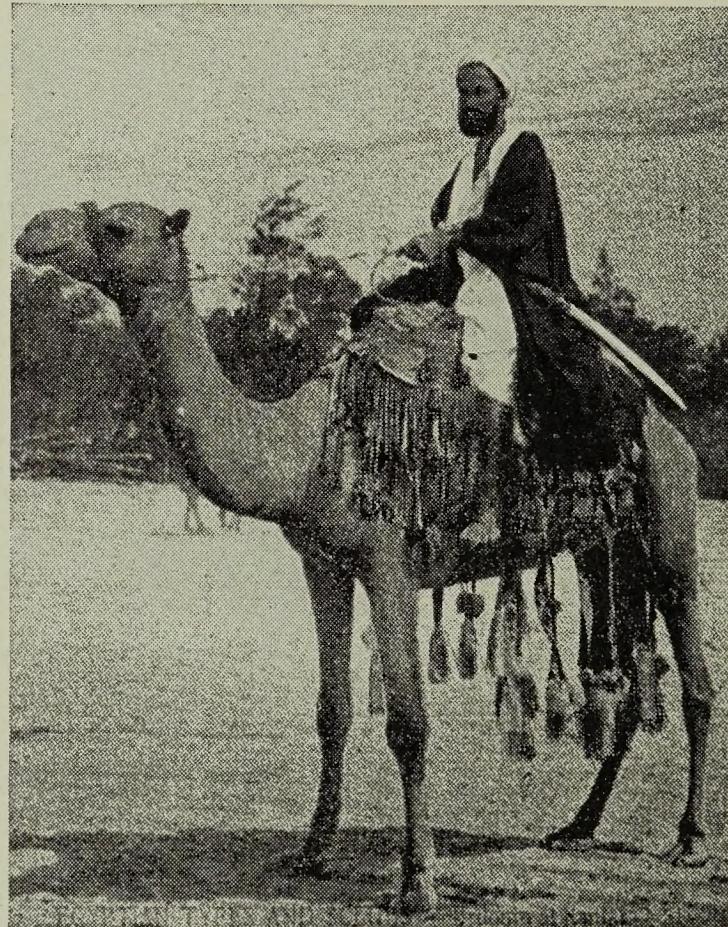


SHIPS OF THE DESERT

By MARTELLE ELLIOTT DAVIS

WOULDN'T you like to have a camel ride? Come along to Bikanir, in the Indian Desert, and you may, for there's not much else in use but camels. I'm sure you will enjoy the military parade, too. Five hundred trained camels, with their riders in pretty military uniform, march head to head in perfect step, and when the native band strikes up "Bonnie Dundee," they gallop across the sandy plain in such regular harmony and perfect time you would feel like clapping your hands.

Here in Bikanir there is nothing but sand as far as eye can see over the plains. The city has 52,000 people in it, and was built 500 years ago. There are only about fifty wells for all the people, and these are,



THE AWKWARD OLD CAMEL

nearly all of them, 350 feet deep. The water is drawn up by means of long ropes and leather buckets. A pair of oxen pull the ropes and go down a long incline, from the wall of the well, for as long a distance as the well is deep. There are four inclines for each well. Then the water is carried in two big leather bags on the back of a camel to each house, where it is paid for by the bag.

Do you know how these camels are guided? By a string fastened in the nose. The person sitting on the hump guiding it must pull *hard* on the string to make this funny sand-colored "ship of the desert" start. If they forget to pull, the camel stops!

Often one sees a long line of camels with the nose-string of each tied to the tail of the one in front, and a rider sitting astride the first camel guides the line.

It's a queer sensation at first when taking a camel-ride. You must climb on the hump while the camel is kneeling, and be sure to hold on tight while he is getting up, for he undoubles first one end, then the other, and finally springs up, and if you don't get pitched over his head you may be tossed over his tail! If he should be a kicker you would be in great danger; for a camel can kick dreadfully hard with his ugly big flat feet. When he begins to run, silently slush-shishing through the sand, it may make you a little seasick.

Sometimes in crossing the desert skeletons of camels are found. If a camel falls down ill, there's little hope of it getting up again.

Queer carts with an upper story are drawn by camels, and you may ride either upstairs or down. Some other single story ones are built higher than ordinary carriages and, when the camels go pretty fast, they rock to and fro in such an unsteady manner you feel as if you were riding sideways in a rocking chair.

Often it is hard to make a camel get up when it is doubled down flat on its stomach, and it will sway the long-lipped, long-necked ugly head, and gurgle and grunt in a very angry manner. Sometimes you meet one with the bladder-like water-pouch hanging out of the mouth, in which it carries its drink. The camel is not pretty, but in this barren desert land is extremely useful.

The convicts in the prisons here make the hide of camels into very pretty, odd-shaped bottles and jars, on which are lacquered in gold and silver unique designs. Bikanir is famous for camelskin bottles.

We often see women and children mounted on camels with all their possessions tied up in a bundle, and the camel led by the father. Thus they travel from village to village, and we must travel in the same way to reach many places in the province. For carrying our trunks and heavy baggage a peculiar bamboo saddle with a shelf on each side of the animal, is used; the boxes, resting on the shelf and leaning toward the hump, are strapped there. On top of all is perched the driver.

It is said that the Mohammedan invaders used 20,000 camels to cross this big desert. Bikanir used to be an important post in the trade carried from the east to the coast, for camels were bred here and provided for the trade caravans.



THE GOLDEN PAGODA OF RANGOON

By JOAN DAVIS

EVERY town and village in Burma has its pagodas, — indeed, they often rise out of mango groves, or may be seen on the hillsides as one journeys through the country. They are usually solid masonry, covered with plaster or gold leaf, conical in shape, having a wide base gradually coming to a point. The top is surmounted with the Htee, or umbrella spire where the tinkling bells are hung to make music with each passing breeze.

Every wealthy Burman plans to build one of these structures, thinking by this act of merit not only to secure great reverence in this world, but much that he wishes in the next. He may always write "Payah Togah" (Builder of a Pagoda) after his name.

The Golden, or Shwe Dagon, is the greatest of all the Burman pagodas, and this is the legend connected with it: Five hundred and eighty-eight B. C., Buddha gave eight sacred hairs from his beard to

two brothers, Taposa and Palecka, and told them to deposit them on Thengootara Hill, where the relics of three preceding Buddhas were lying. Joyfully the brothers set off to find the holy hill, but after long and weary journeys they were becoming discouraged, when the king of the Thagyhs took pity on them, came down in the form of a nat (spirit) and told them to go to the aged nat, Soolay, and he would direct them.

So the brothers hastened to Soolay. He was so old his eyelashes touched the ground, and he could not lift his eyes to see the light of day. Being suspicious of the brothers, he said he was blind and could not help them. They decided that his eyelids must be propped open, and as he was a very large nat they chopped down two young trees which they hewed into props. As soon as his eyelids were open he directed the brothers to the beautiful hill on which the Golden Pagoda now stands.

The hill itself is 165 feet above the city, and the Pagoda is now 370



A BUDDHA NEAR SHWE DAGON

As soon as his eyelids were open he directed the brothers to the beautiful hill on which the Golden Pagoda now stands.

feet high, though the original one was only 27. Succeeding generations have enlarged it to its present magnificent proportions.

The brow of the hill on which it stands is reached by several flights of wide stone stairs, and on either side as you ascend are seated those who sell flowers, fruit, and colored papers used in worship before scores of shrines near the great shrine. Dogs and crows are around to eat any part of the offering they wish from the urn provided to receive it; but as it is an act of merit to feed an animal no one objects.

Wherever you turn there are images of Buddha — some sitting, some standing, some reclining; this one is large, that one small, another is medium size; one is made of brass, another of stone or marble or wood. Every one has a placid face, with very long ears, which to the Burman denotes truthfulness; and over many of the images white umbrellas are hung. When King Thebaw, now a prisoner of the English government, was in power, he objected to any one except himself, the images of Buddha and the sacred white elephant having a white umbrella.

There are many bells hung near the ground, and the worshiper, having finished prayer, rises and strikes the bell to tell Buddha that he is through. Would you like to know the history of the great bell, that weighs 94,682 pounds? It was given to the Golden Pagoda by King Tharawaddy, in 1840. After the English conquered Burma, they attempted to carry it to Calcutta, but in trying to get it on a ship it fell into the Rangoon river, and try as they might they could not raise it. After a time the Burmese asked



ON THE WAY TO THE GOLDEN PAGODA

if they could have it for the Pagoda grounds if they could secure it. The English laughingly consented, but were greatly chagrined when the bell was triumphantly carried to its former position.

I wish you could have been with me the other day to see the bell. We struck it with the deer's antlers used by thousands of worshipers. How thankful we were that our God does not need such a signal to know when we are through praying to Him!



THE STORY OF CHIEN LUNG

By RUTH E. HANSON

AFTER that we had election of officers."

Chien Lung was listening to his sister as she told about the King's Herald Society that had just been organized in the Girls' School.

"Just as the meeting closed," she went on, "Our Teacher-Mother came into the room and asked us to march over to her home for tea. That was a pleasant surprise in itself but while we were marching so



MARCHING SO GAILY

gaily with Lo I leading the way, we saw the photographer in the hedge near by and he took our picture."

"Ah ha! Eldest Sister, that was fine. Were you wearing your flowered Kua Tze?"

"Oh, just you wait until you see the picture and judge for yourself how I was dressed. There is just one thing about our Society that makes me feel badly. I have so little money to give!"

"So they take a collection, do they?"

"Of course, stupid boy! Don't we always take a collection at a Methodist meeting? I'd like to have lots of money to give, then I would become a Life Member. Teacher-Mother showed us a pretty English book with the pictures of very many girls and boys who are Life Members."

It was difficult for little Chien Lung to understand all about this wonderful society but he loved Eldest Sister dearly and determined on the spot to earn money some way to make her a "Life Member" if that was what she wished to be.

While he was keeping his eyes open for a chance, a great change came into the life of Chien Lung. The missionary held a series of evangelistic meetings and his heart was deeply touched. When the missionary pleaded with the people to confess their sins and ask God for pardon, not a man moved. After a long silence Chien Lung rose and said:

"It is not proper that a mere child should speak before his elders but I have sinned very grievously. The weight of guilt is more than I can bear. I must confess my faults and may God forgive! Once I told my mother a lie! Once I borrowed a book and kept it! Once I was afraid in the dark!"

Strong men were crying when he sat down and many began to confess and pray for mercy. A blessed time followed for that church. There came a great joy and peace into Chien Lung's heart and his face shone with gladness.



CHIEN LUNG

During the New Year vacation Chien Lung was sent to his grandfather's home for a visit. Now his grandfather and all those who lived in that village knew next to nothing about the new "Jesus Doctrine." They still worshiped at the ancestral tablets and burned paper money in the temple.

Little Chien Lung was very sorry to see this and one morning when the neighbors had gathered in to chat with his grandfather, he began to talk with one of them about the Gospel story. Soon others began to listen and one asked, "What do you do at your Worship-Day service?" Chien Lung replied by describing a Sunday morning service.

"Why can't we have one here with you for the Pastor-Shepherd?" asked a bold young man at the door.

"Yes, yes, do," called the others and in spite of his protests Chien Lung found himself standing on a chair facing an attentive audience.

Then he sang and prayed and preached, repeating as well as he could what he had heard from the missionary.

When Chien Lung had finished his sermon he said, "Now we will take the collection."

"Why take a collection?" called one.

"How much must we give?" asked another.

"I do not know just what the money is used for," he said, "nor just how much you ought to give. But I have noticed in our church the best people give the most," he added naively. "Old Lady Chow, the Bible woman, and Mr. Liu, the hospital assistant, and teacher Chin, they are all very good and they give twice as much as some others. Now here is a nice bowl. I will begin to take the collection at this end of the room."

A strange experience came to the heathen people in that room. Not one was willing to admit that his neighbor was better than himself. The first man gave a *tiao*. The second looked at him contemptuously and gave two. So it went to the back of the room; each making his gift larger than the man before him.

The son of the Prefect had been sitting in the rear of the room, sipping tea. He was thinking. "I am an official's son! It is certain I am better than any or all of these small merchants."

When the bowl was passed to him he called loudly, "Well, boy, what is your sum total? I will double it!"

The next day Chien Lung started for home on a wheelbarrow, carrying his precious collection with him. "This is surely enough," thought he, "to make my dear eldest sister a life member and I will give it to her the moment I get home. How pleased she will be."

But a still small voice kept saying: "That money is not your own to give away. It belongs to the Church and you ought to take it straight to your Pastor-Teacher."

Poor little Chien Lung! All the joy and peace in his heart faded away as he said to himself, "Nobody knows. I will do with this money as I please. Did I not earn it? It certainly was not easy to stand in the presence of my elders and tell them about the Jesus doctrine."

A snatch from his Chinese classics came into his mind: "You yourself know and Heaven knows."

It was a very troubled looking little boy that finally rode up the narrow street to the gate of his home. He jumped from the barrow stiff and sore and took a step toward the door. Then he turned and ran hurriedly across the street and into the mission compound. He did not stop running until he had reached the missionary in his study. After a profound salute he said: "Here is the money," and turned to go, hiding the tears of mingled disappointment and relief.

The missionary, however, was not in the habit of having substantial gifts of money brought to him by small school boys and so with a kind word he detained the little fellow and by gentle questioning soon learned the whole story even to the long hard struggle on the homeward journey.

"What gave you the final strength to come here my little man?" he asked.

"Oh, I remembered to pray just as I was starting for the house and Jesus led me here."

It was a long time before the door of that study opened again and Chien Lung came out with the old joy and peace in his heart and the glow on his face for his Pastor-Teacher had given him a better understanding of the Jesus Doctrine and the church than he had ever had before.

And so it is that Eldest Sister is not yet a Life Member of the King's Herald Society in the city of Taianfu.

JOAO, CHIEF HOMBO AND THE IDOLS

As DOUGLAS Told the Story

I WANT you, boys and girls, to learn how to tell a story and tell it well, and I will give this book to the one who tells us the best, true foreign missionary story at our next meeting."

Miss Kidder, superintendent of the Brightwood Heralds, held up a large, nice-looking book as she spoke, and then closed the meeting. She often gave notices that she thought might tempt them to whisper, after the closing exercises.

The members marched sedately to the church door, and then — well, they were no longer sedate!

"I don't want to tell any story," said Douglas McKay. "I can't remember anything when I'm on my feet."

"Nor I," agreed his chum, Lon Brooks, tossing his ball high in air. "Makes my face red, and I know the girls would laugh."

"And who laughs when *we* try to do anything?" asked Belle Eastman. "I tremble like a leaf when I read my reports, even, for I know you boys are criticising and — *grinning*. Yes, you do!"

There were cries of denial, and then Mattie Hill said, very soberly, "But, Belle, you never *tremble*. You are as cool — "

"That's right! Good for you, Mattie. Belle likes the public eye. She will have a story and take the prize," cried Lon, and as approval of his sentiment was strongly expressed, Belle responded, with a little toss of the head, "Of course I can do it, if I try."

There was a large attendance at the next meeting, but when Miss Kidder asked how many were prepared to tell stories, only three responded — Douglas McKay, Belle Eastman — and a little girl, Polly Price, who had recently come to the village.

Douglas was called first, and took his place on the platform beside the desk; nor could Lon, by any funny signal, hold his attention. He began soberly:

"My story is from Africa and it's true. There was a man in Angola, West Africa, named Joao Garcia Fernandes, but I call him Jo-a-o. He

wasn't much to look at: just a homely, rather oldish man, but with more education than most of the natives had. He could talk and write Kimbunda and Portugese, and had taught a school of his own.

"But he wanted to learn English, so he came to our mission, and, after a while, he was converted very thoroughly, and then he wanted to go and preach in the district of Ambaca, among his own people.

"So they let him go, and he had no fixed salary or anything. He went to Chief Hombo's village — there's more to Hombo's name, but I can't pronounce it. Well, Joao sent to him and asked if he could stay there. The chief said, 'Yes, come along. I'll send men to get your things and give you a house till you can build one of your own.' "

"How could he build if he hadn't any salary?" asked Martyn Hill, the minister's son.

"Why, it doesn't cost much to build with poles and mud, I guess. But, Miss Kidder, I wish they wouldn't ask questions till I'm through."

"Let Douglas tell his story without interruption," she said.

"Well, this village, which was called Hombo, same as the chief, was an awfully wicked place. The natives were poor and shiftless and quarrelsome; they drank rum and had witch doctors and idols and everything that was bad.

"Perhaps the worst thing for them was their fear of evil spirits and demons. Now, for instance, the village was built on the bank of a beautiful stream of water, but, if you believe it, the people didn't dare to use a drop, because they thought the spirit that ruled the woods and the river would make no end of trouble if they did. So, when some of them got sick and died from drinking impure water, I suppose, the rest would call a witch doctor and he would go through his dreadful antics and they would pay him money and cloth and rum and chickens.

"When others kept getting sick they said witches were among them, and they must find out who they were. Once some men came with a magic antelope's horn, called 'kibaxe,' and they set it up and put their hands on it, and when it began to shake they pretended that it went and thumped against the witch of its own accord. Then, whoever was hit, had to be awfully punished and sometimes killed."

"Oh, how mean and cruel!" exclaimed Mattie Hill.

"Yes," Douglas continued, "and that was the sort of people that Joao had come to live with. At first he taught school, and they liked that, because they had pretty good minds. Then he and his boys dug a ditch — to irrigate, you know — so that several acres of fine land were made ready for crops. That meant braving the evil spirit that I told you about, and the people saw that he wasn't afraid.

"He knew something about medicine, too, so he helped them that way, and they began to listen to his preaching. Then — Chief Hombo himself was converted! Yes, sir, he gave up his idol worship, and when some of those wicked natives wouldn't follow him, they were just given a chance to make another village for themselves.

"It was pretty hard to give up idolatry all at once, and there was one *fetich* — that's what their idols are called — that was feared all over Angola. It was so sacred that scarcely anybody had seen it, and no foreigner could see it 'even for ten head of cattle.' Well, the man who had taken care of it died, and then Chief Hombo went and brought the thing out to the light! What do you suppose it was? Just bells and dirty strings!

"You can guess there was a big sensation when it was handed around for anybody to look at.

"Chief Hombo had his picture taken with it in his hand, and Joao standing beside him, and you'd wonder how that sort of an idol could make folks tremble. O, I tell



"JUST BELLS AND DIRTY STRINGS"

you, they humbug themselves with mighty small things!

"You'll be glad to know that now that village — Chief Hombo's — has given up all its charms and idols and drunkenness, and they keep the Sabbath, and early every morning they have prayers in the chief's house and all of 'em go. And when the old witch doctors have to come that way they fairly sneak past the village and stop blowing their horns and beating their gongs. You can guess that Joao is pretty happy, and everybody sees that it's a big victory."

It was very quiet when Douglas took his seat. He had forgotten himself in his own interest in the story, and had made it very real. His audience drew a long, deep breath, which was better applause than the clapping of hands, which came a little later.



WHAT THE RIVER GOD DID

By ALICE S. BROWNE

"**W**HAT are you crying about, Little Grace? Just like a girl!" said Little Doggie, giving her a poke with his rake as he passed by. "Somebody swiped your corn bread? Or have you had a beating?"

"Well, I guess *you* would be crying if your house would be tumbling into the river pretty quickly. Boo! hoo! *hoo!*" she sobbed. "The water is getting higher and higher, and it's eating up our garden, and great pieces of earth are falling in, and nothing will stop it!"

"My mother is crying, too," observed Little Doggie, wisely, "but I tell her she is just making more water in the river! Stop crying, do. Haven't you heard they're going to have a theatre right on the river bank tomorrow, and make the old river god so happy he'll stop the water rising? Then we'll be all right!"

"Oh!" said Little Grace, wiping her eyes on the corner of her tiny, coarse, red garment, "maybe he will."

She was so glad to hear this that she trotted straight home to tell mother the good news.

For you know that in China the people believe that when the river god, who looks like a big turtle, gets angry with them he makes the water rise higher and higher, and then, if they don't want to be drowned, they must do something to get him to forgive them.

So the very next day, down by the river, just as Little Doggie had said, some men built a platform right on the banks of the yellow, foaming water, and then the actors, in their long-sleeved gowns, pranced back and forth, while all the men and women, boys and girls, looked on and hoped the river god would be pleased.

Little Doggie found Little Grace off in one corner of the crowd with two nice, big round steamed breads in her hands.

"Hello! Give me one!" he cried.

"Give *you* one; well, I guess not!" she answered. "I am going to throw these into the river for the god to eat. Then, perhaps, he'll leave us alone and not take away all our land. Haven't you anything to give him?"

"Yes; wait till I get it," cried Little Doggie, scampering off as fast as his clumsy cloth shoes would let him. In a few moments back he came, with two nice meat dumplings in his hands.

"Come on!" he shouted; "let's go and throw them in now."

They ran down to the steep river bank. Little Doggie threw his dumplings in with a tremendous force, and off they whirled in the yellow foam.

"Hold my hand while I lean over and throw them in," begged Little Grace. "I'm scared, but I want to see the god when he eats them."

"Huh! you can't see the river god, silly! He's under the water," said Little Doggie. But he held her hand so she could stand on the edge and look down in. He did not know how crumbly the earth was, for a minute later Little Grace's feet slipped over, and almost before he knew what had happened he heard her shriek, and there, down in the swirling, angry water, he could see her little red garment where she was being rapidly washed down stream. She had slipped right out of his hand.

"Help! help!" he shrieked toward the crowds of people listening to the theatre. "Help! Little Grace has gone! The river god has taken

Little Grace!" But before any one could reach him, all he could see of her was a tiny red speck way down the river, that was sometimes sucked under and then came up again. The current was too swift, and there was nothing that could be done now. The women shrieked and moaned, while Little Grace's mother tried to throw herself in, too, but they held her back by main force.

"Now the river will surely go down," said the old men; "the river god has taken Little Grace, and what more can he ask? Let us go home in peace. We are safe." And every one went slowly home, sadly enough, but what could they do? It was the river god's will. They would never see Little Grace again. How her mother wailed as they led her home! She lay down on the *kang* at home and beat her head against the bricks. They could not comfort her. When it came night

she was still lying there, never noticing anything that was going on. She did not hear her husband go out to open the courtyard gate when he heard some one pounding on it. She did not know how quickly he took in his arms a little wet, red bundle that said, "Daddy! daddy!" in a weak little voice; but she did look up when he came in, followed by a man whose clothes were wet. How she snatched at Little Grace then! She was almost crazy with joy.

"The river god has given her back!" she cried.

A GOD IN CHINA MADE TO FRIGHTEN THE RIVER
IN TIME OF FLOOD

"It was the true God that gave her back, lady," said the strange man who had brought the little girl. "The true God was so sorry for you that He made me go down



to the bank to look at the water just when she was being washed by, and He gave me the strength to pull her out."

"Is the true God stronger than the river god?" asked the mother in surprise. And then the wet man who had saved Little Grace told her father and mother about the Father in heaven who had given her back to them. How they listened! And when he went at last, they promised they would always love and thank the true God who had given them back their little daughter, and forgot about the old river god, who never was a god at all.

— *Mission Dayspring.*



MRS. FUNNY'S SCHOOL

A TRUE STORY OF INDIA

MRS. FUNNY was the station monkey. Such a droll little creature, with her tiny, brown face puckered into wrinkles until it looked like a wizened-up, baked apple. But the wrinkles in Mrs. Funny's face were not to be compared to the wrinkles in her disposition. She was very old, and very cross, and had been teased by successive classes of school children until "as ugly as Mrs. Funny" had become almost a proverb.

All day long she sat, chattering and scolding, in the boughs of the great margosa tree which was her home, and woe to the unlucky man, woman or child who came within reach of her long arms and vicious teeth! They were sure to lose a handful of hair at least, if they did not bear away other remembrances in the shape of scratches and bites. Every few days the missionary would say, "My dear, we really must send Mrs. Funny away. I am afraid some one will be seriously injured one of these days."

But Mrs. Funny was a highly accomplished monkey and could be very fascinating when she chose. She would bring her tiny paws to her forehead in a most respectful *salaam* and, holding her chain up from the ground, dance gravely about in what the missionary called an

“Indian fling.” To see her making her toilet with her little pocket mirror, combing her hair with an imaginary comb and smoothing it down behind her ears as she saw the school-girls do was one of the funniest sights imaginable. So, notwithstanding her bad temper, no one really wanted her to be sent away.

One day the missionary’s wife was called to the veranda to bind up the wounds of one of the smaller boys who had come off much the worse in an encounter with the monkey.

“How did this happen, Kotiah?” she asked, as she wound up the little brown fingers, one after the other.

“She is a very bad monkey,” was the sullen reply.

“Yes, but what were you doing to Mrs. Funny? Were you not poking at her with that long stick and trying to make her angry?”

No answer from the little boy, who was wondering what punishment would fall to his lot this time, and planning in his mind to take the first opportunity of running away to his home in the jungle.

The lady looked very sober, for this same little boy was a source of great anxiety to her. He was bright and handsome and lovable, but had a terrible temper, which he had never been taught to control. He would go off into the most savage fit of anger on the slightest provocation, and bite and tear and scratch like a little wild animal, until he was overcome by the older boys. The missionary’s wife was beginning to fear that he would have to be sent back to his heathen village. He was the only boy from that place, where his father was a man of importance, and great things were expected from him. But he could not be allowed to break up her school by his ungovernable temper. He must be taught self-control, but how?

Just then an idea came into her mind which made her smile, and yet she wondered if it would not work well. After she had sent the little fellow back to school with only a few gentle words of reproof — for she thought Mrs. Funny had punished him sufficiently for this time — she sat down to think it out.

A few days later she was sent for in haste, and on reaching the schoolroom found that one of the little girls had accidentally broken

Kotiah's long slate pencil. In his rage he had fallen on the child and hurt her badly before he could be stopped.

This was the opportunity for which the lady had been waiting, and as she faced the room full of boys and girls, she put up a quick petition that the experiment might be a success.

"Children," she said, "you know we have been talking of sending Mrs. Funny away, but I have decided that, instead, I shall let her keep school."

Sixty pairs of bright eyes were turned upon her in astonishment. Mrs. Funny keep school! What a queer idea! She must be joking!

"You know, too," she went on, "that the rule of this school is the Golden Rule. If any child does not wish to keep this rule and likes Mrs. Funny's ways better than ours, he will have to go to her school. Kotiah seems to have taken some lessons from Mrs. Funny's behavior already, and I think he must be her first scholar. When he wishes to come back to us and is willing to try, at least, to abide by our rules, we shall be glad to see him. Now, Kotiah, you may take your books and come with me," and she led the surprised little boy across the compound to a tree near Mrs. Funny. "I shall expect you to remain here under this tree until the evening bell for prayers," she said. "You can study your lessons, and Pedda (Big) John will hear you recite. He will bring your food, and when you wish to come back to our school you can tell him. I do not wish you to talk or play with the other children while you remain in Mrs. Funny's school."

Then she went back to the schoolroom and talked very earnestly with the children, telling them of her anxiety about Kotiah. "I am sure," she said, "not one of you wishes him to be sent home, and I want to ask each one of you to avoid doing anything to arouse his anger, and to help him in every way you can to overcome his fault."

The children looked sober and thoughtful and she felt sure their hearts had been touched.

At first it was a very sullen and angry boy who sat under the big mango tree. He would not study, but amused himself by watching Mrs. Funny and throwing every stick and stone within reach in her direction; a compliment which she returned with interest, as her aim was much

better than his. He laughed when the cook, hurrying home from the bazaar with the day's marketing, incautiously passed too near the monkey, and she snatched his neatly wound turban from his head and climbed to the top of the tree with ten or twelve yards of cloth dangling just out of reach.

Kotiah decided that he would run away to his home in the village. He knew the way very well. There his father was a great man and no one cared if he did get angry. His father laughed at him and seemed proud of his high spirit. He was tired of school anyway, and longed for the freedom of his jungle home. There he could lead the goats to the fields every morning, and play and sleep under the trees with the other shepherd boys until night came.

By and by, in spite of himself, the little boy began to think for the first time in his short life. Was he really like Mrs. Funny, he wondered. All at once he began to see himself in Mrs. Funny as in a mirror.

What must they all think of him! and how the missionary lady must despise him! This thought was most bitter of all, for in his secret heart he longed to please her. Then came the thought, "What must the great and good God think of him?" As tears rolled down his cheeks there was born in the little heathen child's heart the desire to be a better boy.

It was a very subdued Kotiah whom Big John led to the veranda in the twilight. One glance at the tear-stained face told the kind teacher all the story. As she drew him gently to her side, he burst out: "Oh, teacher, I don't want to do it!" and hid his face in her dress.

She talked to the child lovingly of the dear Saviour who would help him to overcome, if only he would ask him. Then she knelt with him and asked God to take the young life into his care.

From that day Kotiah was a changed boy. Many times the first few weeks he would run quickly away from the schoolroom or playground with flashing eyes and clinched fists, but he always came back again in a few moments smiling and happy.

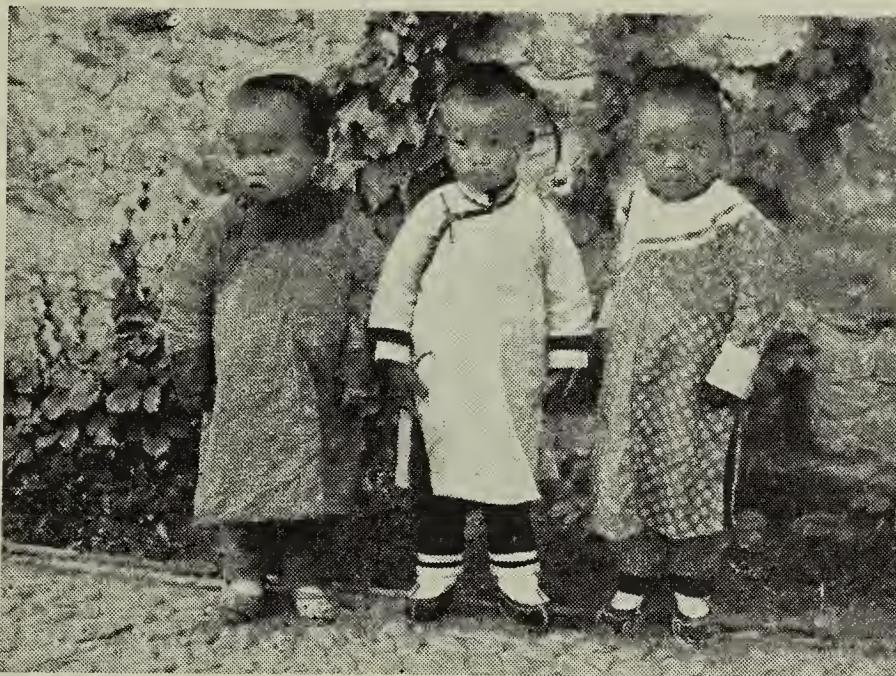
The children wondered a great deal at the mysterious change and what part Mrs. Funny could have had in bringing it about; but they did not find out, for Mrs. Funny never kept school again.

— *Selected.*

THREE SMALL MAIDS FROM FAR CATHAY

By ESTIE BODDY

We are
feeling
rather sober



and trying
to be
good

*We are feeling rather sober
As the grown-ups sometimes say ;
To be very good we're trying
Three small maids from far Cathay.*

We're
on our
way



to
Sunday
School

*Did you hear the bell a-ringing?
It is time for Sunday School,
We will go this way together
In the Spring-time fresh and cool.*

Up
the
steps

into
the
Church



*Just one step and then another
Till we enter through the door
Where our teacher waits with welcome
As she's often done before.*

Do
you
see

our
pretty
cards?



*And when pretty cards she gives us
We are quiet as can be;
And so carefully we take them
To our homes and mothers three.*

Sometimes
we get
into mischief



'round the
water jars
at play

*When our mothers three are busy
Learning "Doctrines" every day,
Sometimes we get into mischief
'Round the water jars at play!*

When
the jar
was empty



we
climbed
inside

*And one time the jar was empty
So we climbed inside, instead;
Grace fell in and Ida after,
But I only bumped my head..*

We
like
to sit

on the
old
stone mill



*One day when — the grinding over—
All the women went away
We just got up near the roller ; —
That was such a funny play !*

We
two
feed

the
chickens
alone



*Grace and I must feed our chickens
Though poor Ida's sick to-day
We would be so very happy
Were she with us in our play.*

Sometimes
we fill



our baskets
with roses

*When the roses grow in clusters
Out beside the high stone wall,
We go out and fill our baskets.
Would you like to have us call?*

We like
our supper



of broth
and bread

*Will you come with us to supper?
See our table nicely spread?
Do you like our way of eating,
And our bowls of broth and bread?*

Tired and
sleepy

at close
of day



*Now we're tired and very sleepy,
So I'll climb to mother's knee
Say "Our Father" just as you do
Soon in Slumber-land I'll be.*

We are
thankful

for your
interest



*We are thankful for the interest
Once again to us you've shown
Maybe we will see each other
Some day when we all are grown.*



